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*Gems from Catholic poets, with
a biogr. & lit. intr. by J. Burke*



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CHAUCER.

Instructive and Entertaining Library.

G E M S
FROM
CATHOLIC POETS,

WITH A
Biographical & Literary Introduction.

BY
JAMES BURKE, ESQ. A.B.

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
AUTHOR OF "MEMOIR OF MOORE," "ABRIDGMENT OF LINGARD'S ENGLAND,"
ETC. ETC.

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TO
DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY,

THIS VOLUME
IS DEDICATED

By an Admirer
OF

BRILLIANT POETICAL TALENTS,

DEVOTED TO THE SERVICE OF
CREED AND COUNTRY.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE more we study the history of the triumphs of the human mind, the more convinced we must feel that Catholicity has been the prolific parent of the sublimest works of Art, the noblest Oratory, the boldest achievements of Science, and the sweetest Poetry. In Art, what has rivalled the pencil and chisel of Italy? In Oratory, what has equalled the pulpit of France? In Science, have not the chemists of the Continent (many of them priests) led the way to some of the most brilliant discoveries? In Poetry, do Dante, Tasso, Corneille, Racine, Dryden, Pope, pale before any poet of any time? Let truth give the answer, and the intellectual supremacy of Catholicity must stand admitted.

As some of the readers of this volume may not have had time to study literary biography, it will be well, perhaps, to devote a few pages to a glance at the leading points in the career of some of the authors from whose works selections have been made.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, who has been styled the "Father of English Poetry," is generally supposed to have been born in London, about the year 1328. He studied both at Oxford and Cambridge, and added to

his store of knowledge by foreign travel. In Italy he made the personal acquaintance of an illustrious brother bard, the gifted Petrarch. He married a relative of the celebrated John of Gaunt, through whose friendship he obtained public employment, and was frequently sent on embassies to the Continent. His conduct gave satisfaction to his sovereign, and he was appointed Comptroller of the Customs. Having become involved in some political troubles, he had to fly to Holland for a time; but on making his submission he was restored to office. His principal work, "The Canterbury Tales," he composed in retirement at Woodstock. Chaucer died on the 25th October, 1400, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Unfortunately, there are in the works of Chaucer many passages not suited for general perusal; but, in justice to his memory, it must not be forgotten that Chaucer expressed deep sorrow for these portions of his poems, and deplored his inability to recall and annul them. The specimen we have chosen from Chaucer for our little volume is his famous portrait of a good parish priest of England's olden Catholic time. Although the spelling has been modernized, a few ancient words remain; and the young reader will note that "ensample" means example; "acombered," encumbered; and "lore," learning. The works of Chaucer are distinguished for strength and vivacity. His descriptions of natural scenery have been pronounced "fresh as a May morn." His fancy is boundless, and almost every line of his works gives evidence of powerful original genius.

SIR THOMAS WYAT and HENRY HOWARD, Earl of Surrey, were Catholic poets, and both possessed considerable talent; but extracts from their poems would not be appropriate in a volume such as ours, which is principally intended to guide the young in poetical studies.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL was born in Norfolk, in 1562. At the age of fifteen he was sent to Paris for his education. He also studied for a short time at Douay; and, proceeding to Rome, he was received into the Society of Jesus in 1578, before he had completed his seventeenth year. In 1584 he was ordained priest, and it became his most earnest desire to devote himself to the English mission, or, in other words, to enter on the direct road to martyrdom. He arrived in England in July, 1586, in company with Father Garnet, who also suffered death for the faith. Father Southwell laboured in the mission for six years, and was arrested in 1592. He was flung into a noisome and filthy dungeon, and during an imprisonment of three years suffered the torture of the rack ten different times. In 1595 Father Southwell asked to be brought to trial; and, admitting that he was a Catholic priest, he was sentenced to death. The illustrious martyr was executed at Tyburn with all the horrible butchery of the old treason-law of England, with this difference, that such was the effect of his demeanour upon the spectators of the tragedy, that he was not, like others, cut down alive. A complete edition of the poems of Father Southwell (London: John Russell Smith) was, in 1856, produced under the scholarly care

of William B. Turnbull, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. This truly valuable work also contains a full memoir of Father Southwell, and some beautiful letters written by the martyr. One of these, to his father, had the happy effect of bringing him back to religious duties. Well may we say, with the learned editor of that volume, that Father Southwell was "the victim of a barbarous law, mainly devised to destroy what is indestructible—the work of God. In blood the Church was planted; with blood it has been watered; and its fecundity has ever been the greater in proportion to the efforts made to eradicate it." The poems of Father Southwell (and also some prose works which he wrote) are distinguished by beauty of thought and diction. Sentiments of the deepest devotion are, in his truly noble lines, clothed in language the most chaste and classical, and he has justly received the warmest encomiums of all the best critics, no matter what might be their own religious opinions.

RICHARD CRASHAW was the son of a Protestant clergyman, a preacher at the Temple Church in London. He was born about the year 1616, and received his education at the Charter House and at Cambridge. He became a fellow of his university, and published some Latin poems of great beauty. In these occurs his line on the miracle of changing water into wine,—

" *Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit* "
(The modest water saw its God, and blushed),—

which has sometimes been erroneously attributed to

Dryden. In 1644 Crashaw was expelled the university for refusing to sign the covenant ; and having embraced the Catholic religion, he proceeded, in great poverty, to Paris. He was here relieved by the poet Cowley, and by Henrietta Maria, the exile Queen of Charles I. Having gone to Italy, Crashaw was appointed one of the canons of Loretto, where he died in 1650. His friend Cowley composed a fine monody on the occasion, one of the finest in any language. We owe to the editorial industry of Mr. Turnbull the only complete collection of Crashaw's poems—poems the exquisite beauty of which has given to their gifted author an honoured place amongst the English classical authors.

WILLIAM HABINGTON was born at Hendlip, in Worcestershire, in 1605. He belonged to a Catholic family, and was educated at St. Omer's and at Paris. He wrote several poems possessing elegance and feeling, and died in 1654.

JOHN DRYDEN, one of the greatest of the English poets, was born August 9th, 1631, at Aldwinkle, in Northamptonshire. From Westminster school, where he was instructed as one of the king's scholars, he was, in 1650, elected to one of the Westminster scholarships in Trinity College, Cambridge. It was not till the death of Cromwell, in 1658, that he became a public candidate for fame, by publishing "Heroic Stanzas on the late Lord Protector." When the king was restored, Dryden published "Astrea Redux"—a poem on the Restoration. In 1667 he

published "*Annus Mirabilia*," which may be esteemed as one of his most elaborate works; and in 1668 he succeeded Sir William Davenant as poet laureate. The same year he published his "*Essay on Dramatic Poetry*," an elegant and instructive dialogue. In 1681 Dryden became yet more conspicuous, by writing politics in the memorable satire called "*Absalom and Achitophel*," written against the faction which, by Lord Shaftesbury's incitement, set the Duke of Monmouth at its head. The same year he published "*The Medal*," of which the subject was a medal struck on Lord Shaftesbury's escape from a prosecution. In 1693 appeared a new version of "*Juvenal and Persius*." Of Juvenal, Dryden translated the first, third, sixth, tenth and sixteenth satires; and of Persius, the whole work. He prefixed a very ample preface, in the form of a dedication to Lord Dorset, and there gives an account of the design which he had once formed to write an epic poem on the actions either of Arthur or the Black Prince. In 1694 he began the most laborious and difficult of all his works—the translation of Virgil. In 1697 he published his version of the works of Virgil. The "*Hind and Panther*"—the longest of all Dryden's original poems—is an allegory, intended to comprise and decide the controversy between Catholics and Protestants. The poet puts forward, in powerful language, the strongest arguments in favour of Catholicity. Dryden died on the 1st May, 1701, having been some time crippled in his limbs. He was buried among the poets in Westminster Abbey. Dryden was a convert to Catholicity,

and remained firm to his adopted creed to his death ; though, after the Revolution of 1688, he would have gained, in a worldly sense, by returning to Protestantism. His style is vigorous and terse, and, by universal consent, he ranks as one of the brightest luminaries in English literature.

ALEXANDER POPE was born in London in the eventful year 1688. At a very early age he gave evidence of the possession of poetical genius. There is no poet in the language whose lines flow with such smoothness. He is the model of correct versification, which Dryden sometimes sacrificed to vigour of thought. His largest work was the translation of Homer ; but there is more beauty in some of his smaller poems. "The Messiah," which will be found in the following collection, is founded on the fourth eclogue of Virgil, and has been always placed amongst Pope's best performances. Pope died at Twickenham in 1744.

THOMAS MOORE* was born in the city of Dublin on the 28th of May, 1780. His parents were strict Catholics, and he was, of course, educated in that faith. His talents were developed at a very early age, and when only thirteen he sent contributions to a Dublin magazine. Moore died on the 26th of February, 1852, in the seventy-second year of his age, in his cottage-home at Sloperton, near Devizes, leaving

* A Memoir of Moore (Dublin : Duffy), by the Editor of this volume, appeared in 1852, to which the reader is referred for further particulars respecting the poet.

a name which will be for ever linked with the minstrelsy of his native land.

JEREMIAH JOSEPH CALLANAN was born in Cork, in 1795, and died in Lisbon, in 1829. He possessed first-rate natural abilities, but the unhappy indecision of his character led him into many misfortunes. His "Recluse of Inchidony" is a fine poem, and the specimens from his other works in this volume will also gratify every reader of taste.

FURLONG belonged to Dublin, and died at an early age. His lines breathe a fine devotional spirit, and there is little doubt that, had he been spared longer, he would have added many an ornament to literature.

Excellent lives of JOHN BANIM and GERALD GRIFFIN have been published, and are of easy access. The former is by P. J. Murray, Esq., the eloquent editor of the "Irish Quarterly Review," and the latter by Griffin's gifted and affectionate brother.

It is not necessary to enter into particulars respecting the other writers from whose poems selections have been made, as they are all no doubt "familiar names" to the readers of this volume, which, I trust, may lead many to the deeper study of the glorious works of our gifted Catholic Poets.

JAMES BURKE.

GEMS FROM CATHOLIC POETS.

Chaucer.

[B. 1328.—D. 1400.]

A GOOD PARISH PRIEST.

A TRUE, good man there was there of religion,
Pious and poor—the parson of a town.
But rich he was in holy thought and work ;
And thereto a right learned man ; a clerk
That Christ's pure gospel would sincerely preach,
And his parishioners devoutly teach.
Benign he was, and wondrous diligent,
And in adversity full patient,
As proven oft ; to all who lack'd a friend.
Loth for his tithes to ban or to contend,
At every need much rather was he found
Unto his poor parishioners around
Of his own substance and his dues to give ;
Content on little, for himself, to live.

Wide was his cure ; the houses far asunder,
Yet never fail'd he, or for rain or thunder,

Whenever sickness or mischance might call,
The most remote to visit, great or small ;
And, staff in hand, on foot, the storm to brave.

This noble ensample to his flock he gave,
That first he wrought, and afterwards he taught.
The word of life he from the gospel caught ;
And well this comment added he thereto,
If that gold rusteth, what should iron do ?
And if the priest be foul on whom we trust,
What wonder if the unletter'd layman lust ?
And shame it were in him the flock should keep,
To see a sullied shepherd and clean sheep.
For sure a priest the sample ought to give
By his own cleanliness how his sheep should live.

He never set his benefice to hire,
Leaving his flock acomber'd in the mire,
And ran to London cogging at St. Poul's,
To seek himself a chauntery for souls,
Or with a brotherhood to be enroll'd ;
But dwelt at home, and guarded well his fold,
So that it should not by the wolf miscarry.
He was a shepherd, and no mercenary.

Though holy in himself, and virtuous,
He still to sinful men was mild and piteous :
Not of reproach imperious or malign ;
But in his teaching soothing and benign.
To draw them on to Heaven by reason fair
And good example, was his daily care.
But were there one perverse and obstinate,
Were he of lofty or of low estate,

Him would he sharply with reproof astound.
A better priest is nowhere to be found.

He waited not on pomp or reverence.
Nor made himself a spicèd conscience.
The lore of Christ and his apostles twelve
He taught : but first he follow'd it himselfe.

Southwell.

[B. 1560.—D. 1595.]

A CHILD MY'CHOICE.

LET folly praise that fancy loves,
I praise and love that child
Whose heart no thought, whose tongue no word,
Whose hand no deed defiled ;

I praise him most, I love him best,
All praise and love is his ;
While him I love, in him I live,
And cannot live amiss.

Love's sweetest mark, laud's highest theme,
Man's most desired light,
To love him life, to leave him death,
To live in him delight.

He mine by gift, I his by debt,
Thus each to other due ;
First friend he was, best friend he is,—
All times will try him true.

Though young, yet wise ; though small, yet strong ;
Though man, yet God he is ;
As wise he knows, as strong he can,
As God he loves to bless.

His knowledge rules, his strength defends,
His love doth cherish all ;
His birth our joy, his life our light,
His death our end of thrall.

Alas ! he weeps, he sighs, he pants,
Yet do his angels sing ;
Out of his tears, his sighs and throbs,
Doth bud a joyful spring.

Almighty babe, whose tender arms
Can force all foes to fly,
Correct my faults, protect my life,
Direct me when I die !

AT HOME IN HEAVEN.

FAIR soul ! how long shall veils thy graces shroud ?
How long shall this exile withhold thy right ?
When will thy sun disperse his mortal cloud,
And give thy glories scope to blaze their light ?

Oh that a star, more fit for angels' eyes,
Should pine in earth, not shine above the skies !

Thy ghostly beauty offer'd force to God ;
It chainèd Him in links of tender love ;
It won His will with man to make abode ;
It stay'd His sword, and did His wrath remove :
It made the vigour of His justice yield,
And crownèd Mercy empress of the field.

This lull'd our heavenly Samson fast asleep,
And laid Him in our feeble nature's lap ;
This made Him under mortal load to creep,
And in our flesh His Godhead to enwrap ;
This made Him sojourn with us in exile,
And not disdain our titles in His style.

This brought him from the ranks of heavenly quires
Into this vale of tears and cursèd soil ;
From flowers of grace into a world of briers,
From life to death, from bliss to baleful toil.
This made Him wander in our pilgrim weed,
And taste our torments to relieve our need.

O soul ! do not thy noble thoughts abase,
To lose thy loves in any mortal wight ;
Content thy eye at home with native grace,
Sith God himself is ravish'd with thy sight ;
If on thy beauty God enamour'd be,
Base is thy love of any less than He.

THE EPIPHANY.

To blaze the rising of this glorious sun,
A glittering star appeareth in the east,
Whose sight to pilgrim toils three sages won
To seek the light they long had in request ;
And by this star to nobler star they pass,
Whose arms did their desired sun embrace.

Stall was the sky wherein these planets shined,
And want the cloud that did eclipse their rays ;
Yet through this cloud their light did passage find,
And pierced these sages' hearts by secret ways,
Which made them know the Ruler of the skies,
By infant's tongue and looks of babish eyes.

Heaven at her light, earth blusheth at her pride,
And of their pomp these peers ashamed be ;
Their crowns, their robes, their trains they set aside,
When God's poor cottage clouts and crew they see ;
All glorious things their glory now despise,
Sith God contempt doth more than glory prize.

Three gifts they brought, three gifts they bear away ;
For incense, myrrh, and gold, faith, hope, and love ;
And with their gifts the givers' hearts do stay,
Their mind from Christ no parting can remove ;
His humble state, his stall, his poor retinue,
They fancy more than all their rich revenue.

SEEK FLOWERS OF HEAVEN.

SOAR up, my soul, unto thy rest,
Cast off this loathsome load ;
Long is the death of thine exile,
Too long thy strict abode.

Graze not on worldly wither'd wood,
It fitteth not thy taste ;
The flowers of everlasting spring
Do grow for thy repast.

Their leaves are stain'd in beauty's dye,
And blazèd with her beams,
Their stalks enamell'd with delight,
And limn'd with glorious gleams.

Life-giving juice of living love
Their sugar'd veins doth fill,
And water'd with eternal showers
They nectar'd drops distil.

These flowers do spring from fertile soil,
Though from unmanured field ;
Most glittering gold in lieu of glebe,
These fragrant flowers do yield.

While sovereign scent surpassing sense
So ravisheth the mind,
That worldly weeds needs must he loathe
That can these flowers find.

Crashaw.

[B. 1615.—D. 1650.]

HYMN TO THE NAME OF JESUS.

I SING the Name which none can say,
 But touch'd with an interior ray,—
 The Name of our new peace ; our good ;
 Our bliss, and supernatural blood ;
 The Name of all our lives and loves :
 Hearken and help, ye holy doves !
 The high-born brood of day ; you bright
 Candidates of blissful light,
 The heirs elect of love ; whose names belong
 Unto the everlasting life of song ;
 All ye wise souls, who in the wealthy breast
 Of this unbounded Name build your warm nest.
 Awake, my glory ! soul (if such thou be,
 And that fair word at all refer to thee),
 Awake and sing,
 And be all wing !
 Bring hither thy whole self ; and let me see
 What of thy parent heaven yet speaks in thee.
 Oh, thou art poor
 Of noble powers I see,
 And full of nothing else but empty me ;
 Narrow and low, and infinitely less
 Than this great morning's mighty business.

One little world or two,
 Alas! will never do;
 We must have store;
 Go, soul, out of thyself, and seek for more;
 Go and request
 Great Nature for the key of her huge chest
 Of heav'ns, the self-involving set of spheres
 Which dull mortality more feels than hears;
 Then rouse the nest
 Of nimble art, and traverse round
 The airy shop of soul-appeasing sound:
 And beat a summons in the same
 All-sovereign Name,
 To warn each several kind
 And shape of sweetness—be they such
 As sigh with supple wind
 Or answer artful touch—
 That they convene and come away
 To wait at the love-crown'd doors of that illustrious
 day.

* * * * *

Come, lovely Name! life of our hope!
 Lo, we hold our hearts wide ope!
 Unlock thy cabinet of day,
 Dearest sweet, and come away.
 Lo, how the thirsty lands
 Gasp for thy golden show'rs with long-stretch'd hands!
 Lo, how the labouring earth,
 That hopes to be
 All heaven by thee,
 Leaps at thy birth!

The attending world, to wait thy rise,
First turn'd to eyes ;
And then, not knowing what to do,
Turn'd them to tears, and spent them too.
Come, royal Name ! and pay the expense
Of all this precious patience :

O, come away,
And kill the death of this delay.
O, see so many worlds of barren years
Melted and measured out in seas of tears !
O, see the weary lids of wakeful hope
(Love's eastern windows) all wide ope
With curtains drawn,
To catch the daybreak of thy dawn !
O, dawn at last, long-look'd for day !
Take thine own wings and come away.
Lo, where aloft it comes ! It comes, among
The conduct of adoring Spirits, that throng
Like diligent bees, and swarm about it.

O, they are wise,
And know what sweets are suck'd from out it.
It is the hive
By which they thrive,
Where all their hoard of honey lies.
Lo, where it comes, upon the snowy dove's
Soft back, and brings a bosom big with loves.
Welcome to our dark world, thou womb of day !
Unfold thy fair conceptions ; and display
The birth of our bright joys.

O, thou compacted
Body of blessings ! spirit of souls extracted !

O, dissipate thy spicy powers,
Cloud of condensèd sweets! and break upon' us
 In balmy showers!
O, fill our senses, and take from us
All force of so profane a fallacy,
To think aught sweet but that which smells of
 thee.

Fair flow'ry name! in none but thee,
And thy nectareal fragrancy,

 Hourly there meets
An universal synod of all sweets;
By whom it is definèd thus—

 That no perfume
 For ever shall presume
To pass for odoriferous,
But such alone whose sacred pedigree
Can prove itself some kin, sweet Name! to thee.
Sweet Name! in thy each syllable
A thousand blest Arabias dwell;
A thousand hills of frankincense;
Mountains of myrrh and beds of spices,
And ten thousand paradises,
The soul that tastes thee takes from thence.
How many unknown worlds there are
Of comforts, which thou hast in keeping!
How many thousand mercies there
In pity's soft lap lie a-sleeping!
Happy he who has the art
 To awake them,
 And to take them
Home, and lodge them in his heart.

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Welcome, dear, all-adorèd Name !
For sure there is no knee
That knows not thee ;
Or if there be such sons of shame,
Alas ! what will they do,
When stubborn rocks shall bow,
And hills hang down their heav'n-saluting heads
To seek for humble beds
Of dust, where, in the bashful shades of night,
Next to their own low nothing they may lie,
And couch before the dazzling light of thy dread
majesty.
They that by love's mild dictate now
Will not adore thee,
Shall then, with just confusion, bow
And break before thee.

Habington.

[B. 1605.—D. 1654.]

THE HEAVENS AT NIGHT.

WHEN I survey the bright
Celestial sphere :
So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear ;

My soul her wings doth spread,
And heaven-ward flies,
The Almighty's mysteries to read
In the large volume of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shoots forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character,
Removed far from our human sight :

But if we steadfast look,
We shall discern
In it, as in some holy book,
How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

It tells the conqueror,
~~That~~ far-stretch'd power,
Which his proud dangers traffic for,
Is but the triumph of an hour.

That from the farthest North,
Some nation may,
Yet undiscover'd, issue forth,
And o'er his new-got conquest sway.



DRYDEN.

Some nation yet shut in
 With hills of ice
 May be let out to scourge his sin,
 Till they shall equal him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
 Their ruin have ;
 For as yourselves your empires fall,
 And every kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fires,
 Though seeming mute,
 The fallacy of our desires
 And all the pride of life confute.

For they have watch'd since first
 The world had birth :
 And found sin in itself accurst,
 And nothing permanent on Earth.



Dryden.

[B. 1631.—D. 1700.]



HYMN TO THE HOLY GHOST.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come visit ev'ry pious mind,
 Come pour thy joys on human kind,

D

From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete !
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heav'nly love inspire :
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy seven-fold energy !
Thou strength of his Almighty hand
Whose power does Heaven and Earth command,
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
And crown Thy gift with eloquence !

Refine and purge our earthly parts ;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts !
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul ;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay Thy hand, and hold them down.

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect, and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe :
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father, and the Son, by Thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name :

The Saviour Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died ;
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.



Pope.

[B. 1688.—D. 1744.]



THE MESSIAH—A SACRED ECLOGUE.

YE nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song :
 To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pyndus, and th' Aonian maids,
 Delight no more—O Thou, my voice inspire
 Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire !

Rapt into future times the bard begun :
 A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a Son !
 From Jesse's root behold a Branch arise,
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies :
 Th' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descend the mystic dove,
 Ye heavens ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r !
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail :
 Returning Justice lifts aloft her scale ;

Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heav'n descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn !
O spring to light, auspicious Babe be born !
See, Nature hastes her earliest fruits to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring ;
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests in the mountains dance :
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfume the skies !
Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;
"Prepare the way ! a God, a God appears !"
"A God, a God !" the vocal hills reply ;
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, Earth receives Him from the bending skies !
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, rise !
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay !
Be smooth, ye rocks ! ye rapid floods, give way !
The Saviour comes, by ancient bards foretold :
Hear him, ye deaf ; and, all ye blind, behold !
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day :
"Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear :
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamant chains shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,

Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects ;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hands, and in his bosom warms ;
Thus shall mankind His guardian care engage,
The promised father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun ;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;
And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn ;
To leafless shrubs the flowering palm succeeds,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weeds.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead ;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.

The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise,
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes !
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend !
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs !
For thee Idumea's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts : the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
But fix'd His word, His saving pow'r remains ;—
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns.



POPE.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame,
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying ;
Oh ! the pain, the bliss of dying.
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life !

Hark ! they whisper : angels say,
" Sister spirit, come away !"
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul, can this be Death ?

The world recedes, it disappears,
Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring.
Lend, lend your wings ! I, mount, I fly !
O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
O Death ! where is thy sting ?

Moore.

[B. 1780.—D. 1852.]

—
REPENTANCE.

WERE not the sinful Mary's tears
 An offering worthy heaven, .
 When, o'er the faults of former years,
 She wept—and was forgiven?

When bringing every balmy sweet,
 Her day of luxury stored,
 She o'er her Saviour's hallow'd feet
 The precious odours pour'd!

And wiped them with that golden hair,
 Where once the diamond shone;
 Though now those gems of grief were there,
 Which shine for God alone!

Were not those sweets, so humbly shed—
 That hair—those weeping eyes—
 And the sunk heart that inly bled—
 Heaven's noblest sacrifice?

Thou, that hast slept in error's sleep,
 Oh! wouldst thou wake in heaven,
 Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
 Love much—and be forgiven!

GOD—THE SOURCE OF CONSOLATION.

O Thou ! who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee !
The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown ;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And even the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too—
Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above ?
Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright,
With more than rapturous ray ;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

ISRAEL'S SONG OF TRIUMPH.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !

Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free.

Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken,

His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave;
How vain was their boast ! for the Lord hath but
spoken,

And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord !

His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword.

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story

Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride ?
For the Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of
glory,

And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the
tide.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !

Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free.

MARY, STAR OF THE SEA.

WHEN evening shades are falling

O'er ocean's sunny sleep,

To pilgrims' hearts recalling

Their home beyond the deep ;

When, rest o'er all descending,
The shores with gladness smile,
And lutes, their echoes blending,
Are heard from isle to isle ;
Then, Mary, Star of the Sea,
We pray, we pray, to thee !

The noonday tempest over,
Now ocean toils no more,
And wings of halcyons hover
Where all was strife before.
Oh ! thus may life in closing
Its short tempestuous day,
Beneath Heaven's smile reposing,
Shine all its storms away.
Thus, Mary, Star of the Sea,
We pray, we pray, to thee !

OPENING OF "PARADISE AND THE PERI."

ONE morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate,
And, as she listen'd to the springs
Of life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings,
Through the half-open portal glowing,—
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place.

"How happy," exclaim'd this child of air,
"Are the holy spirits that wander there,
'Mid flowers that ne'er shall fade or fall!
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
One blossom of Heav'n out-blooms them all.

"Though sunny the lake of cool CASHMERE,
With its plane-tree isle reflected clear,
And sweetly the founts of that valley fall;
Though bright are the waters of SING SU HAY,
And the golden floods that thitherward stray,
Yet oh! 'tis only the blest can say
How the waters of Heav'n outshine them all.

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply them through endless years,
One minute of Heav'n is worth them all."

THE TEAR OF REPENTANCE THE BEST OFFERING
TO HEAVEN.

BUT hark! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,
From SYRIA's thousand minarets!

The boy has started from his bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod

Kneels with his forehead to the south,
Lisping th' eternal name of God

From purity's own cherub mouth,
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again !
Oh, 'twas a sight—that Heaven—that child—
A scene which might have well beguiled
Ev'n haughty Eblis of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by !

And how felt *he*, the wretched Man
Reclining then—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace !

"There *was* a time," he said, in mild
Heart-humbled tones—"thou blessed child !
When young and happy, pure as thou,
I look'd and pray'd like thee ; but now"—
He hung his head—each nobler aim
And hope and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept !

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence !
In whose benign; redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

“ There’s a drop,” said the PERI, “ that down from
the moon

Falls through the withering airs of June
Upon *Egypt’s* land, of so healing a power,
So balmy its virtue, that ev’n in the hour
That drop descends, contagion dies,
And health reanimates earth and skies !—
Oh ! is it not thus, thou man of sin,

The precious tears of repentance fall ?
Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
One heavenly drop hath dispell’d them all !
And now behold him kneeling there
By the child’s side, in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
The triumph of a soul forgiven.

’Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they linger’d yet,
There fell a light more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dew’d that repentant sinner’s cheek.
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam ;



MOORE.

But well the enraptured Peri knew
'Twas a bright smile the angel threw
From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear,
The harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done:
The gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won;
Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am!
To thee, sweet Eden, how dark and sad
Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam
And the fragrant bowers of Amberabad!

"Farewell! ye odours of earth that die,
Passing away like a lover's sigh.
My feast is now of the tooba tree,
Whose scent is the breath of eternity.
Farewell! ye vanishing flowers that shone
In my fairy wreath so bright and brief;
Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown
To the lote-tree springing by Alla's throne,
Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf?
Joy, joy for ever! my task is done:
The gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won."

Callanan.

[B. 1795.—D. 1829.]

LINES ON A DECEASED PRIEST.

BREATHE not his honour'd name,
 Silently keep it ;
 Hush'd be the sadd'ning theme,
 In secrecy weep it ;
 Call not a warmer flow
 To eyes that are aching ;
 Wake not a deeper throe
 In hearts that are breaking.

Oh ! 'tis a placid rest ;
 Who should deplore it ?
 Trance of the pure and blest,
 Angels watch o'er it ;
 Sleep of his mortal night,
 Sorrow can't break it,
 Heaven's own morning light
 Alone shall awake it.

Nobly thy course is run ;
 Splendour is round it ;
 Bravely thy fight is won ;
 Freedom hath crown'd it.

In the high warfare
Of heaven grown hoary,
Thou'rt gone like the summer sun,
Shrouded in glory.

Twine, twine the victor wreath,
Spirits that meet him ;
Sweet songs of triumph breathe,
Seraphs that greet him ;
From his high resting-place
Who shall him sever,
With his God,—face to face,
Leave him for ever,

THE VIRGIN MARY'S BANK.

From the foot of Inchidony Island, an elevated tract of sand runs out into the sea, and terminates in a high green bank, which forms a pleasing contrast with the little desert behind it, and the black solitary rock immediately under. Tradition tells, that the Virgin came one night to this hillock to pray, and was discovered kneeling there by the crew of a vessel that was coming to anchor near the place. They laughed at her piety, and made some merry and unbecoming remarks on her beauty, upon which a storm arose and destroyed the ship and her crew. Since that time no vessel has been known to anchor near the spot. Such is the story upon which the following stanzas are founded.

THE evening star rose beauteous above the fading
day,
As to the lone and silent beach the Virgin came
to pray,

And hill and wave shone brightly in the moonlight's
mellow fall ;
But the bank of green where Mary knelt was
brightest of them all.

Slow moving o'er the waters, a gallant bark appear'd,
And her joyous crew look'd from the deck, as to
the land she near'd ;
To the calm and shelter'd haven she floated like a
swan,
And her wings of snow o'er the waves below in
pride and beauty shone.

The master saw our Lady, as he stood upon the prow,
And mark'd the whiteness of her robe and the
radiance of her brow :
Her arms were folded gracefully upon her stainless
breast,
And her eyes look'd up among the stars to Him
her soul loved best.

He show'd her to his sailors, and he hail'd her with
a cheer ;
And on the kneeling Virgin they gazed with laugh
and jeer ;
And madly swore, a form so fair they never saw
before ;
And they cursed the faint and lagging breeze that
kept them from the shore.

The ocean from its bosom, shook off the moonlight
sheen,
And up its wrathful billows rose to vindicate their
Queen ;
And a cloud came o'er the heavens, and a darkness
o'er the land,
And the scoffing crew beheld no more that Lady
on the strand.

Out burst the pealing thunder, and the lightning
leap'd about ;
And rushing with his watery war, the tempest gave
a shout ;
And that vessel from a mountain-wave came down
with thundering shock,
And her timbers flew like scatter'd spray on Inchidony's rock.

Then loud from all that guilty crew one shriek rose
wild and high ;
But the angry surge swept over them and hush'd
their gurgling cry ;
And with a hoarse exulting tone the tempest pass'd
away,
And down still chafing from their strife, the indignant
waters lay.

When the calm and purple morning shone out on
high Dunmore,
Full many a mangled corpse was seen on Inchidony's
shore ;

And to this day the fisherman shows where the
scoffers sank :
And still he calls that hillock green, "the Virgin
Mary's bank."

MARY MAGDALEN.

To the hall of the feast came the sinful and fair ;
She heard in the City that Jesus was there ;
She mark'd not the splendour that blazed on their
board :
But silently knelt at the feet of the Lord.

The hair from her forehead, so sad and so meek,
Hung dark o'er the blushes that burn'd on her cheek ;
And so still and so lowly she bent in her shame,
It seem'd as her spirit had flown from its frame.

The frown and the murmur went round through them
all,
That one so unhallow'd should tread in that hall,
And some said the poor would be objects more meet
For the wealth of the perfumes she shower'd on His
feet.

She mark'd but her Saviour, she spoke but in sighs,
She dared not look up to the heaven of His eyes,
And the hot tears gush'd forth at each heave of her
breast,
As her lips to his sandal were throbbingly press'd.

On the cloud after tempests, as shineth the bow ;
In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth the snow,
He look'd on that lost one ; her sins were forgiven ;
And Mary went forth in the beauty of Heaven.



Furlong.



OH ! IF THE ATHEIST'S WORDS WERE TRUE.

OH ! if the 'atheist's words were true—

If those we seek to save,
Sink, and in sinking from our view,
Are lost beyond the grave !
If life thus closed, how dark and drear
Would this bewilder'd earth appear—
Scarce worth the dust it gave :
A tract of black, sepulchral gloom,
One yawning, ever-opening tomb.

Blest be that strain of high belief,
More heaven-like, more sublime,
Which says, that souls that part in grief,
Part only for a time !
That, far beyond this speck of pain,
Far o'er the gloomy grave's domain,
There spreads a brighter clime ;
Where, care, and toil, and trouble, o'er,
Friends meet, and meeting, part no more.

Banim.

SOGGARTH AROON.

AM I the slave they say,
 Soggarth aroon? *
 Since you did show the way,
 Soggarth aroon,
Their slave no more to be,
 While they would work with me
 Old Ireland's slavery,
 Soggarth aroon?

Why not her poorest man,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Try and do all he can,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Her commands to fulfil,
 Of his own heart and will,
 Side by side with you still,
 Soggarth aroon?

Loyal and brave to you,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Yet be no slave to you,
 Soggarth aroon,—

* "Priest dear."—*Irish.*

Nor, out of fear to you,
Stand up so near to you—
Oh! out of fear to *you*!
Soggarth aroon!

Who, in the winter's night,
Soggarth aroon,
When the cold blast did bite,
Soggarth aroon,
Came to my cabin-door,
And, on my earthen floor,
Knelt by me, sick and poor,
Soggarth aroon?

Who, on the marriage-day,
Soggarth aroon,
Made the poor cabin gay,
Soggarth aroon—
And did both laugh and sing,
Making our hearts to ring,
At the poor christening,
Soggarth aroon?

Who, as friend only met,
Soggarth aroon,
Never did flout me yet,
Soggarth aroon?
And when my hearth was dim,
Gave, while his eye did brim,
What I should give to him,
Soggarth aroon?

Och ! you, and only you,
 Soggarth aroon !
 And for this I was true to you,
 Soggarth aroon ;
In love they'll never shake,
 When for old Ireland's sake,
 We a true part did take,
 Soggarth aroon !



Griffin.

ARGUMENTS FOR THE LOVE OF GOD DERIVED FROM CREATION.

AND ask ye why He claims our love ?
 Oh ! answer, all ye winds of even,
 Oh ! answer, all ye stars above,
 That watch in yonder dark'ning heaven ;
 Thou earth, in vernal radiance gay,
 As when His angels first array'd thee,
 And thou, O deep-tongued ocean ! say
 Why man should love the mind that made thee.

There's not a flower that decks the vale,
 There's not a beam that lights the mountain,
 There's not a shrub that scents the gale,
 There's not a wind that stirs the fountain,

There's not a hue that paints the rose,
There's not a leaf around us lying,
But in its use or beauty shows
True love to us, and love undying.

For in the past, ere time began,
Ere first the new-made sun ascended,
Or light illumed the world, and man
Arose amid the order splendid ;
Even then, for thee, that bounteous Mind,
Unask'd, amid the wide creation,
In far futurity design'd
Thy dwelling fast and lasting station.

And seek we arguments of love,
And ask we who He is that claims it ?
Mark yonder sun that rolls above,
Obedient to the will that aims it ?
Go watch, when treads the silent moon
Her maiden path o'er earth and ocean,
Or see yon host at starry noon
Roll onward with majestic motion.

Are these not lovely ? Look again,
Count every hue that clothes the valley,
Each grain that gilds the autumn plain,
Each song that wakes the vernal alley.
All that in fruit or flower is found
To win the taste, or charm the vision ;
All—all that sight, or scent, or sound,
Or feeling hath of joy elysian ;

That calm that lulls the noontide hour,
The mild repose of power appalling,
The rain that feeds each opening flower,
Like mercy's tear-drops sweetly falling;
Those show what our Creator was,
While man preserved his early duty,
What still to those, His later laws
Who keep, in all their stainless beauty.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

SHE once was a lady of honour and wealth,
Bright glow'd on her features the roses of health,
Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
And her motion shook perfume from every fold :
Joy revell'd round her—love shone at her side,
And gay was her smile, as the glance of a bride :
And light was her step, in the mirth-sounding hall,
When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul.

She felt, in her spirit, the summons of grace,
That call'd her to live for her suffering race ;
And heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
Rose quickly, like Mary, and answer'd, "I come."
She put from her person the trappings of pride,
And pass'd from her home, with the joy of a bride,
Nor wept at the threshold, as onward she moved,—
For her heart was on fire in the cause it approved.

Lost ever to fashion—to vanity lost,
That beauty that once was the song and the toast—
No more in the ball-room that figure we meet ;
But gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.
Forgot in the halls is that high-sounding name,
For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame :
Forgot are the claims of her riches and birth,
For she barter for heaven the glory of earth.

Those feet, that to music could gracefully move,
Now bear her alone on the mission of love ;
Those hands that once dangled the perfume and gem,
Are tending the helpless, or lifted for them ;
That voice, that once echoed the song of the vain,
Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain ;
And the hair that was shining with diamond and pearl,
Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down-bed, a pallet—her trinkets a bead,
Her lustre—one taper, that serves her to read ;
Her sculpture—the crucifix nail'd by her bed ;
Her paintings—one print of the thorn-crownèd head ;
Her cushion—the pavement that wearies her knees ;
Her music—the psalm or the sigh of disease :
The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind
Are the cares of that heaven-minded virgin confined.
Like Him whom she loves, to the mansions of grief
She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief.

She strengthens the weary—she comforts the weak,
And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick ;
Where want and affliction on mortals attend,
The Sister of Charity *there* is a friend.

Unshrinking where Pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she moves, 'mid the vapours of death ;
Where rings the loud musket, and flashes the sword,
Unfearing she walks, for she follows her Lord.
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face,
With looks that are lighted with holiest grace ;
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him !

Behold her, ye worldly ! behold her, ye vain !
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain ;
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.
Ye lazy philosophers, self-seeking men—
Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen—
How stands in the balance your eloquence, weigh'd
With the life and the deeds of that high-born maid ?



GRIFFIN.

Rev. Dr. Murray.

THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

FAIR was that eve, as if from earth away
 All trace of sin and sorrow
 Pass'd, in the light of the eternal day,
 That knows nor night nor morrow.

The pale and shadowy mountains, in the dim
 And glowing distance piled!
 A sea of light along the horizon's rim,
 Unbroken, undefiled!

Blue sky, and cloud, and grove, and hill, and glen,
 The form and face of man
 Beam'd with unwonted beauty, as if then
 New earth and heaven began.

Yet heavy grief was on me, and I gazed
 On thee through gushing tears,
 Thou relic of a glory that once blazed
 So bright in bygone years.

Wreck of a ruin! lovelier, holier far,
 Thy ghastly hues of death,
 Than the cold forms of newer temples are—
 Shrines of a priestless faith.

In lust and rapine, treachery and blood,
 Its iron domes were built ;
Darkly they frown, where God's own altars stood,
 In hatred and in guilt.

But to make thee, of loving hearts the love,
 Was coin'd to living stone ;
Truth, peace, and piety together strove
 To form thee for their own.

And thou wast theirs, and they within thee met,
 And did thy presence fill ;
And their sweet light, even while thine own is set,
 Hovers around thee still.

'Tis not the work of mind, or hand, or eye,
 Builder's or sculptor's skill ;
Thy site, thy beauty, or thy majesty—
 Not these my bosom thrill.

'Tis that a glorious monument thou art,
 Of the true faith of old,
When faith was one in all the nation's heart,
 Purer than purest gold.

A light, when darkness on the nations dwelt,
 In Erin found a home—
The mind of Greece, the warm heart of the Celt,
 The bravery of Rome.

But O ! the pearl, the gem, the glory of her youth,
That shone upon her brow ;
She clung for ever to the Chair of Truth—
Clings to it now !

Love of my love, and temple of my God !
How would I now clasp thee
Close to my heart, and, even as thou wast trod,
So with thee trodden be !

O, for one hour a thousand years ago,
Within thy precincts dim,
To hear the chant, in deep and measured flow,
Of psalmody and hymn !

To see of priests the long and white array,
Around thy silver shrines—
The people kneeling prostrate far away,
In thick and chequer'd lines.

To see the Prince of Cashel o'er the rest,
Their prelate and their king ;
The sacred bread and chalice by him bless'd,
Earth's holiest offering.

To hear, in piety's own Celtic tongue,
The most heart-touching prayer
That fervent suppliants e'er was heard among—
O, to be then and there !

There was a time all this within thy walls
Was felt, and heard, and seen ;
Faint image only now thy sight recalls
Of all that once hath been.

The creedless, heartless, murderous robber came,
And never since that time
Round thy torn altars burn'd the sacred flame,
Or rose the chant sublime.

Thy glory in a crimson tide went down,
Beneath the cloven hoof—
Altar and priest, mitre and cope, and crown,
And choir, and arch, and roof.

O, but to see thee, when thou wilt rise again—
For thou again wilt rise,
And with the splendours of thy second reign
Dazzle a nation's eyes !

Children of those who made thee what thou wast,
Shall lift thee from the tomb,
And clothe thee for the spoiling of the past,
In more celestial bloom.

And psalm, and hymn, and gold, and precious stones,
And gems beyond all price,
And priest, and altar, o'er the martyr's bones,
And daily sacrifice.

And endless prayer, and crucifix, and shrine,
 And all religion's dower,
 And thronging worshippers shall yet be thine!—
 O, but to see that hour!

And who shall smite thee then?—and who shall see
 Thy second glory o'er?
 When they who make thee free themselves are free,
 To fall no more.



Denis Florence McCarthy.



BLESSING THE BELLS.

(From the "Bell Founder.")

Now they enter, and now more divinely the Saints'
 painted effigies smile,
 Now the Acolytes bearing lit tapers move solemnly
 down through the aisle,
 Now the Thurifer swings the rich censer, and the
 white-curling vapour up floats,
 And hangs round the deep-pealing organ, and blends
 with the tremulous notes.
 In a white shining alb comes the Abbot, and he cir-
 cles the bells round about,
 And with oil, and with salt, and with water, they are
 purified inside and out;

They are mark'd with Christ's mystical symbol, while
the priests and the choristers sing,
And are bless'd in the name of that God to whose
honour they ever shall ring.

Toll, toll ! with a rapid vibration, with a melody
silv'ry and strong,
The bells from the sound-shaken belfry are singing
their first maiden song ;
Not now for the dead or the living, or the triumphs
of peace or of strife,
But a quick joyous outburst of jubilee full of their
newly-felt life.
Rapid, more rapid, the clapper rebounds from the
round of the bells—
Far and more far through the valley the intertwined
melody swells—
Quivering and broken the atmosphere trembles and
twinkles around,
Like the eyes and the hearts of the hearers that
glisten and beat to the sound.

THE BELL-FOUNDER FINDS HIS LOST BELLS.

A BARK bound for Erin lay waiting, he enter'd like
one in a dream ;
Fair winds in the full purple sails led him soon to the
Shannon's broad stream.

'Twas an evening that Florence might envy, so rich
was the lemon-hued air,
As it lay on lone Scatterry's island, or lit the green
mountains of Clare ;
The wide-spreading old giant river roll'd his waters as
smooth and as still
As if Oonagh, with all her bright nymphs, had come
down from the far fairy hill,
To fling her enchantments around on the mountains,
the air, and the tide,
And to soothe the worn heart of the old man who
look'd from the dark vessel's side.

Borne on the current, the vessel glides smoothly but
swiftly away,
By Carrigaholt, and by many a green sloping headland
and bay,
'Twixt Cratloe's blue hills and green woods, and the
soft sunny shores of Tervoe,
And now the fair city of Limerick spreads out on the
broad bank below ;
Still nearer and nearer approaching, the mariners look
o'er the town,
The old man sees nought but St. Mary's square tower,
with its battlements brown.
He listens : as yet all is silent, but now, with a sudden
surprise,
A rich peal of melody rings from that tower through
the clear evening skies !

One note is enough : his eye moistens, his heart, long
so wither'd, outswells,
He has found them—the sons of his labours—his
musical, magical bells !
At each stroke all the bright past returneth, around
him the sweet Arno shines,
His children—his darling Francesca—his purple-clad
trellis of vines !
Leaning forward, he listens—he gazes—he hears in
that wonderful strain
The long-silent voices that murmur, “Oh ! leave us
not, father, again !”
'Tis granted—he smiles—his eye closes—the breath
from his white lips hath fled—
The father has gone to his children—the old Cam-
panaro is dead !

FROM “THE PILLAR TOWERS OF IRELAND.”

How many different rites have these gray old temples
known !
To the mind what dreams are written in these chro-
nicles of stone !
What terror and what error, what gleams of love and
truth,
Have flash'd from these walls since the world was in
its youth !

Here blazed the sacred fire, and, when the sun was
gone,
As a star from afar to the traveller it shone ;

And the warm blood of the victim have these gray
old temples drunk,
And the death-song of the Druid and the matin of the
Monk.

Here was placed the holy chalice that held the sacred
wine,
And the gold cross from the altar, and the relics from
the shrine,
And the mitre shining brighter, with its diamonds,
than the East,
And the crosier of the Pontiff, and the vestments of
the Priest !

Where blazed the sacred fire, rung out the vesper-
bell,—
Where the fugitive found shelter, became the hermit's
cell ;
And hope hung out its symbol to the innocent and
good,
For the Cross o'er the moss of the pointed summit
stood !

There may it stand for ever, while this symbol doth
impart
To the mind one glorious vision, or one proud throb
to the heart ;
While the breast needeth rest may these gray old
temples last,
Bright prophets of the future, as preachers of the
past !

FROM "ROME AT THE EPIPHANY."

O ROME, the eternal ! Rome, the ever young !
Shrine of the saint, and shelter of the sage,
Balm of bruised hearts, and nerve to souls unstrung,
And golden euthanasia to age :—
Amid the countless crowd whose pilgrimage
Ended within thy loving arms divine,
Let me read *three* from out the immortal page,
Tyrconnell's Lord, Tirowen's Earl, and thine
Whose troubled heart now rests in Agatha's lone
shrine.*

Familiar names—dear names, whose sounds recall
The distant Isle, that 'mid the northern lands,
Like the lone palm-tree on the Viminal
(Speaking of Jordan's shores and Judah's sands
Unto the colder pines), serenely stands,
The type and symbol of the warmer creed
With which the Southern Celtic heart expands ;
Long the sole type, but now its saving seed
Floats to the neighbouring isles, and fructifies with
speed.

Island of Saints ! when Gaul, and Goth, and Hun
Profaned the relics of departed Rome ;—
Island of Saints ! when perish'd one by one
Arts, laws, and letters, temple, tower, and dome ;—

* O'Connell.

Island of Saints ! the only shelter'd home
Where learning, faith, and piety found rest ;—
Still dost thou stand above the Atlantic's foam,
Faith's foremost Pharos to the benighted West,
Lighting the surest track that leadeth to the blest.

FROM "THE VOYAGE OF ST. BRENDAN."

WE breathed aloud the Christian's filial prayer,
Which makes us brothers even with the Lord :
"Our Father," cried we, in the midnight air,
"In heaven and earth be Thy great name adored ;
May Thy bright kingdom, where the angels are,
Replace this fleeting world, so dark and dim."
And then, with eyes fix'd on some glorious star,
We sang the Virgin-Mother's vesper hymn !

"Hail ! brightest star ! that o'er life's troubled sea
Shines pity down from heaven's elysian blue !
Mother and maid, we fondly look to thee,
Fair gate of bliss, where Heaven beams brightly
through.

Star of the morning ! guide our youthful days,
Shine on our infant steps in life's long race ;
Star of the evening ! with thy tranquil rays,
Gladden the aged eyes that seek thy face.

"Hail ! sacred maid ! thou brighter, better Eve,
Take from our eyes the blinding scales of sin ;
Within our hearts no selfish poison leave,
For thou the heavenly antidote canst win.

O sacred Mother ! 'tis to thee we run—

Poor children, from this world's oppressive strife ;

Ask all we need from thy immortal Son,

Who drank of death, that we might taste of life.

“ Hail ! spotless virgin ! mildest, meekest maid—

Hail ! purest Pearl that Time's great sea hath
borne—

May our white souls, in purity array'd,

Shine, as if they thy vestal robes had worn ;

Make our hearts pure, as thou thyself art pure—

Make safe the rugged pathway of our lives,

And make us pass to joys that *will* endure

When the dark term of mortal life arrives. ’



Rev. T. J. Potter.



THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND BY
ST. AUGUSTINE, A.D. 596.

THEY came across the surging sea, a brave and fear-
less band,

To bring the grand old Faith of Rome unto a heathen
land ;

To free a nation from its chains, set Britain's children
free,

To curve the haughty neck to Christ, and bend the
stubborn knee.

They come not in the pomp of pride, with mighty
spear and sword,—
Their coat of mail, their own brave hearts, and the
service of their Lord ;—
Poor humble monks, in lowly guise, they land on
Britain's shore,
And softly sing the Virgin's hymn, as the Cross goes
on before.

The haughty king in savage state his nation's court
doth hold,
And frowning brows, and curling lips, the humble
monks behold ;
Yet out they speak with right good heart, with little
show of fear,
For God's bright flame is in their breasts, His mighty
aid is near.

“ From Rome we come, an humble band, but joyous
news we bring,
Unto thy nation, and to thee, O great and mighty
king :
We come to tell you of your God, to make you great
and free,
Then haste to curve the willing neck, and bend the
willing knee.”

With eager ears they list the tale, with eyes more
keen and bright,
And soon the stubborn heart doth bend before the
God of might

And king, and court, and nation all, quick bend the
willing knee,
And raise with glowing hearts their hymn, O Lord of
Hosts, to thee.

O happy day ! when Rome's great sons came o'er the
bounding wave,
And brought the Cross to Britain's isle,—a standard
for the brave,
A solace for the broken heart, a glory for the free—
And led our land in willing chains, O Rome, great
Rome, to thee.

O happy days ! when Britain's sons were one in faith
and love,
One faith, one altar, and one hope in Him who reigns
above ;
When Peter's sway was gladly felt through all the
faithful land,
And king, and priest, and peasant all obey'd his dread
command.

O happy days ! when Mary's name fell on each British
ear,
“Familiar as a household word,” each sinking heart
to cheer ;
When on each spire, and through each field, and o'er
each churchyard sod,
The Cross was seen in goodly guise, to raise men's
hearts to God.

Oh, that a cloud should e'er arise to dim this happy
scene,
And make us weep and sadly sigh for glories that
have been ;
To make us turn with heavy hearts from Britain of
to-day,
And weep to love and prize her less than Britain
pass'd away.

But yet once more in Britain's isle shall happy days
be seen,
And Britain be more faithful still than Britain yet
hath been ;
Augustine's prayers, sweet Mary's might, shall beam
upon our isle,
And England yet in Rome's bright crown, the " Isle
of Saints," shall smile.

LINES ON SISTER WINIFREDE,

A HOLY NUN WHO DIED WHILST ATTENDING THE SICK AND
WOUNDED IN THE CRIMEA.

THEY laid her in her lowly grave, upon a foreign
strand,
Far from her own dear island home, far from her
native land ;
They bore her to her long last home, amid the clash
of arms,
And the hymn they sang seemed sadly sweet among
those fierce alarms.

They heeded not the cannon's roar, the rifle's deadly
shot,
'But onward still they sadly went, to gain that lowly
spot ;
And there with many a fervent prayer, and many a
word of love,
They left her in her lonely grave, with a simple Cross
above.

And yet she was a gentle soul, a timid fearful thing,
Who like a startled fawn had sought her convent's
shelt'ring wing,—
Had left with glad and bounding heart a world she
could not love,
And chosen for her own chaste Spouse, the Lamb of
stainless love.

She thought to spend her peaceful days within those
cloisters gray,
And with matin song and vesper hymn beguile her
life away ;
She little thought again to roam amid the world's
dark strife,
Save where sweet mercy led her steps, to soothe the
woes of life.

Yet, far away from her convent gray, and far from
her lowly cell,
And far from the soft and silvery toll of the gentle
convent bell,

And far from the home she loved so well, and far
from her native sky,
'Mid the cannon's roar on a hostile shore, she laid her
down to die.

She loved full well her convent home, and loved its
cloisters gray,
And loved full well those holy spots where she had
knelt to pray ;
Yet with a purer, deeper love, she loved the soldier
brave,
And left her home, and left her all, his drooping
heart to raise.

She went not forth to gain applause, she sought not
empty fame,—
E'en those she tended might not know her history or
her name ;
No honours waited on her path, no flatt'ring voice
was nigh ;
For she only sought to toil in love, and 'mid her toil
to die.

E'en when the ruthless tyrant came, he found her at
her task,
And struck her as she sought to heal the poison of
his blast ;
But he might not quench her holy love, nor dim her
beaming eye,
And joyous as a new-made bride they saw her sweetly
die.

They'll raise no trophy to her name, they'll rear no
stately bust,
To tell the stranger where she rests, co-mingling with
the dust ;
They'll leave her in her lonely grave, beneath that
foreign sky,
Where she had taught them how to live, and taught
them how to die.

Yet might she claim one passing word, one token of
regret ;
'Twere fit that hot and scalding tears the soldier's
cheek should wet,
For her who sought him in his pain, amid the war of
strife,
And proved the deepness of her love—ay, proved it
with her life.

Oh, 'tis a fell and loathsome thing, this fierce sectarian
hate,
That thus would drag her noble deeds down from
their high estate ;
That thus can pass with silent lip those deeds of
wondrous love,
Whose praise is sung by angel-bands, in happier
climes above.

But oh ! she'll little heed their praise within her lowly
bed,
For spirits glad, around her grave their choicest
blessings shed ;

Around her grave they softly flit on light and joyous wing,
And gladly strike their golden harps, her well-earn'd meed to sing.

And whilst she sleeps beneath the Cross which erst she loved so well,
Oh ! better far than bust or urn, it will her praises tell ;
'Twill tell her tale in glowing terms, give glory to her name,
And, better far than mortal tongue, proclaim her deeds, her fame.

The sweetest flowers that Nature yields shall bloom upon her grave ;
The balmiest dews that Heaven can send, that holy spot shall lave ;
And many a priest and many a nun shall raise their beaming eyes,
In joyous answer to her call, "*Come thou and do likewise.*"

LINES ON SISTER ELIZABETH,

Who died of typhus fever, whilst attending the sick and wounded in the Crimea. She was buried by the side of Sister Winifrede, and a simple Cross marks their last resting-place.

It was but yesterday we sang a sad and solemn lay,
O'er one who from this cold drear world had gladly sped away ;

Had ta'en her flight to happier climes, to realms of
bliss above,
To join, e'en in His own bright home, the chosen of
her love.

Her funeral hymn had scarcely died in mournful
notes away ;
No grass had grown, no flower had sprung, above her
silent clay ;
When lo, once more those wailing strains fell sadly
on the ear,
To tell us of the open'd grave, the sad funereal bier.

Another spirit, pure and good, has gone her joyous
way ;
Another soul, 'mid duty stern, has breathed her life
away ;
Has died upon that foreign shore, far from her own
dear land,
Has found a poor and lowly grave upon that hostile
strand.

It was but yesterday she saw her sister sweetly die,
And saw them lay her in her grave, beneath that
stranger sky ;
Yet as she softly turn'd away, she breathed an ardent
prayer,
That her own course might quickly speed—her
resting-place be there.

Her holy soul could prize full well the martyr's
blessed lot ;
Could prize above the monarch's throne that low and
humble spot ;
Could long, as holy souls can long to gain their pro-
mised rest,
To gain their true, their only home, the mansions of
the blest.

She dropp'd a tear upon that grave, then gently went
her way,
But her thoughts would wander back again, oft
through the busy day ;
And when her eye would sadly fall upon that lonely
spot,
She *felt* it was her own last home, that grave her own
sweet lot.

She did but bide His own good time, 'mid works of
love and pain,
Her convent home, her native land, she ne'er would
see again ;
She knew full well the silver thread one single breath
would sever,
And then, oh love—and then, oh bliss—her own
chaste Spouse for EVER.

And soon He came to claim His bride, His own, His
spotless love ;
And she trimm'd her lamp, and gladly went unto
her home above ;

And once again that mournful hymn was wafted o'er
the wave,
As they laid her by her sister's side, united in the
grave. .

She went not forth in youth's first flush, and when
the step is light,
When Fancy fills the blithesome soul with many a
vision bright ;
For age had dimm'd her beaming eye and streak'd
her locks with gray,
When forth she went with dauntless heart to wear
her life away.

She left her home when home's sweet charms cling
closest to the heart,
And when it wrings the inmost soul from that dear
spot to part ;
To leave, and that for evermore, the home we love so
well,
To find the stranger's lowly grave in some forgotten
dell.

Then honour rest upon her name, and glory be her
meed,
Who thus went forth at duty's call, and in the hour
of need ;
Who thus could leave her convent home, ne'er to
return again,
Whose woman's heart still bore her up amid those
scenes of pain.

The merry bells are ringing now, and Peace is
 brightly smiling,
But our hearts still cling around the place where
 these pure souls are lying ;
There is a memory round their graves, which tells a
 grander tale
Than all the peals with which glad bells proud
 Victory's advent hail.

They sleep in silence, side by side, far from their own
 dear home ;
They rest not in the cloister's shade, nor 'neath the
 convent's dome ;
We may not kneel with beating hearts upon that
 lowly spot,
But our thoughts shall often wander there,—they
 shall not be forgot.

Though pomp and pride may pass them by, and never
 breathe their name,
Oh ! dear to *us* shall be their deeds, and dear their
 well-earn'd fame,
And when our children gather round, and ask us of
 this war,
We'll lead them o'er the surging waves, to those low
 graves afar ;
And when each youthful heart is full, and dim each
 beaming eye,
We'll tell them how those noble souls went forth to
 droop and die :

We'll teach them that the brightest crown which
Fame awards the brave
Is theirs who sleep so humbly there, with the Cross
above their grave.

Rev. J. A. Stothert.

THE MORNING STAR.

The title of "The Morning Star" is sometimes given to the Holy Virgin, Mother of Jesus, in remembrance of her immediately preceding His rising upon the world in His Incarnation.

STAR of the morn ! O'er yonder purple hill
Reigning alone, amidst a wintry sky ;
See, one by one, the lamps of midnight die
Before the rising dawn ; thou reignest still,
Bright herald of diviner lights which fill
The rosy East ; in heaven a lonely eye,
Until his burning car approaches nigh,
Who routs a million phantom-shapes of ill.
Not even before his face thy radiance pales,
Clear Star of Hope ; propitious eye of morn,
Herald of sunshine to a world forlorn.
Thy stainless rising all Creation hails ;
Thy light is his ; his countenance like thine ;
Thy face, the mirror of his rays divine.

THE EVENING STAR.

The same exalted person is sometimes called "The Evening Star," in remembrance of her stay on earth for some time after the Ascension of her Son.*

MIRROR'D in ocean's calm, thou lingerest,
Bright Pilgrim, travelling the western heaven :
Our Sun is gone ; yet for a space 'tis given
To watch, with thee, our soon-departing guest.
Through summer clouds he pass'd into his rest ;
Dark shadows o'er our widow'd hearts were driven,
Tracing his path through crimson glories riven.
Thy lustrous orb still reigning in the West,
Not wholly gone, he visits us in thee ;
Beneath thy ray, we feel him not so far
In depths of light where glowing seraphs burn,
Through thy pure beam reflected o'er that sea.
Tranquil thy setting, Memory's lingering star ;
With thee departs our joy, till he return.

T. D. McGee.

CHRISTMAS MORN.

UP, Christian, hark ! the crowing cock
Proclaims the break of day !
Up ! light the lamp, undo the lock,
And take the well-known way :

* Acts i. 14.

Already through the painted glass
Streams forth the light of early mass.

Our Altar ! oh, how fair it shows,
Unto the night-dimm'd eyes ;
Oh, surely yonder wreath that glows
Was pluck'd in Paradise !
Without, it snows, the wind is loud ;
Earth sleeps, wrapp'd in her yearly shroud.

Within, the organ's soaring peal,
The choir's sweet chant, the bells,
The surging crowd who stand or kneel,
The glorious errand tells.
Rejoice ! rejoice ! ye sons of men ;
For man may hope for heaven again.

'Tis but a step, a threshold cross'd ;
Yet such the change we find—
Without, the wandering worldling toss'd
By every gust of wind ;
Within, there reigns a holy calm,
For here abides the dread I AM !

R. D. Williams.

TO OUR LADY OF VICTORY.

HAIL! holy Queen, all hail! Ladye,
 Life's sweetness, hope, and love;
 To thee we raise our ceaseless wail;
 Mourning and weeping, faint and pale,
 Eve's children in this sinful vale,
 We cry to thee above, Marie,
 We cry to thee above.

When despair, with her sable wings, Ladye,
 O'ershadows me like the tomb,
 And sceptic pride, like a winter, flings
 Her frozen chains o'er the holy springs
 Of faith and love, and no longer sings
 Sweet hope through the rayless gloom, Marie,
 Sweet hope through the rayless gloom,—

One pillar unbroken stands, Ladye,
 One star through the night appears;
 I call on thee, and celestial brands
 Shiver asunder the tempter's bands,
 And grace distils from thy radiant hands,
 Like a guardian angel's tears, Marie,
 Like a guardian angel's tears.

While this earthly vesture mars, Ladye,
The ascent to our native sphere,
And the yearning soul, through her dungeon bars,
Gazes aloft on her home of stars,
And the discord of life's unceasing wars,
Grates on her tender ear, Marie,
Grates on her tender ear,—

Oh, turn thy gracious eyes, Ladye,
When grace seems all withdrawn ;
And the heart, like a tomb where the dead
Christ lies,
Shall be angel-throned, and the soul shall rise
Immortal to God, through the joyful skies,
In a resurrection-dawn, Marie,
In a resurrection-dawn.

When my soul revolts at wrong, Ladye,
And my heart is sick with care,
Thou pointest, in tears, to the ruffian throng
Who drag the bleeding Christ along,
With curses, sneers, and ribald song,
And mock thy mute despair, Marie,
And mock thy mute despair.

Aloft is raised the sign, Ladye,
By vision'd seers foretold ;
And trickling down His brow divine,
The blood-gouts dim His fading eyne,
And o'er His amber hair do shine
Like rubies dropp'd on gold, Marie,
Like rubies dropp'd on gold.

Hark ! that triumphal hymn, Ladye,—
Behold thy queen, my soul ;
Her chariot-wheels, like those of Him
Whose throne is rapt by cherubim,
Adown the dawn like music swim,
And sparkle while they roll, Marie,
And lighten while they roll !

I see thee, entranced, ascend, Ladye,
The heavenly powers among ;
Archangel hosts in thy train attend,
The triune God from His glory bends.
Oh, that my voice in that hymn could blend,
By choirs of angels sung, Marie,
By choirs of angels sung !

But harps of heaven are strung, Ladye,
To charm celestial ears ;
And how their strings to hail thee rung,
What strains exulting angels sung,
Were too divine for mortal tongue,—
I bow in silent tears, Marie,
I bow in silent tears.

Victorious o'er and o'er, Ladye,
In heav'n is hymn'd thy praise,
To golden lyres, on a starry floor,
Where the white-robed lords of light adore
Thy Son, who gave His lustral gore
Our fallen thrones to raise, Marie,
A fallen foe to raise.

On earth for evermore, Ladye,
Shall man resume the strain ;
All nations bow thy shrine before,
And the organ-clang of the ocean's roar
Implore thee more from shore to shore,
Star of the restless main, Marie,
Star of life's lonely main !

John D. Bryant.

THE SECOND EVE.

(From "*Redemption.*")

BRIGHTER than seraphim, more glorious far
Than the cherubic hosts, who stand the throne
Before ; above them all, Mother of God,
Art thou extoll'd. In thee the mystic types
Of the old law their full completion find—
That paradise which the new Adam held,
The ark in whom the world's salvation lay.
Who contains all, was all contain'd by thee,
Storehouse and inexhaustible abyss
Of heavenly gifts, effulgent morning star,
Fair queen of infinite delights, and rose
Deprived of every thorn, th' unspotted spouse,
Replete with grace, leaning on her beloved ;
Sole daughter, not of death, but heavenly life,
Than virgin Eve more innocent, always

Uncorrupt ; who never to the serpent
Lent an ear, nor yet with breath of sin
Thy purity enstain'd ; exempt from spot.
Earth virginal, unblemish'd, undefiled,
Sweet paradise of innocence, planted
At God's right hand, water'd with crystal streams
From Virtue's fount, and fenced from snares malign ;
The tree of life with fairest fruit endow'd
Of knowledge good, without the evil cursed.
What flowers of praise a garland shall enwreathe
For thee, Mary, branch sprung from Isai's stem,
Thyself the princess of a royal line,
And worthy Mother of the King of kings ?
In thee Eden, restored, fresh blooms again,
With sparkling beauties crown'd. The lily's bell
Meekly thy innocence displays, or shrinks
The vale within, where sweet simplicity
Most loves to dwell ; for thee, the virgin rose
Holds its perennial feast of joyous love ;
Where'er thy footsteps tend, on fragrant wing
The odour of thy virtues up to heaven
It gently wafts, a richer perfume than
Its golden chives e'er breathed ; camellia chaste
Thy chastity portrays, whilst clematis,
With graceful fillets midst ambrosia twined,
Celestial wisdom's nect'rous dew distils ;
The crown imperial, showy bulb, enwreathed
With fadeless amaranth, with gems and gold
Emboss'd, weaves thy imperial diadem,
A crown illustrious and as heaven etern,
That royal birth and queenly state becomes.

Each floral beauty decks thy gorgeous train,
Semblant of thee ; aurate or argent,
Azure, white, carnation, fragrant or fair,
Orange and hyacinth perfumed, pansy,
With damask, white and red, enamell'd o'er ;
All odours sweet, thy sanctity embalm.



D. Donovan.



TO OUR LADY.

O MOTHER free from every stain,
Sweet star of hope on life's dark sea,
Thou who art never call'd in vain,
We in our sorrow fly to thee.
Thy powerful aid we humbly seek,
Pray—pray for us, O Virgin meek !

O Mary, Mary mild and sweet,
Whose bosom burn'd with so much love,
That, oh ! 'twas deem'd a shelter meet
For Jesus, bright and holy dove ;
Thy powerful aid we humbly seek,
Pray—pray for us, O Virgin meek.

Thou flower of Eden's fragrant shade,
Thou maid above all others blest,
Thou whom the child that heaven obey'd
With filial love so oft caress'd ;
Thy powerful aid we humbly seek,
Pray—pray for us, O Virgin meek.

O thou to whom e'en from the tree
 The great Messiah deign'd to bow,
 While bleeding, faint, and sad was He,
 And agonized His sacred brow ;
 Thy powerful aid we humbly seek,
 Pray—pray for us, O Virgin meek.

And thou who now, in realms of light,
 With glittering stars of gold art crown'd,
 Who shin'st in dazzling glory bright,
 Above all other saints enthroned ;
 Thy powerful aid we humbly seek,
 Pray—pray for us, O Virgin meek.



Aubrey de Vere.



NATIONS ONCE CATHOLIC.

As children, when, with heavy tread,
 Men sad of face, unseen before,
 Have borne away their mother dead—
 So stand the nations thine no more.

From room to room those children roam,
 Heart-stricken by the unwonted black ;
 Their house no longer seems their home :
 They search ; yet know not what they lack.

Years pass ; Self-will and Passion strike
Their roots more deeply day by day ;
Old servants weep ; and "how unlike"
Is all the tender neighbours say.

And yet at moments, like a dream,
A mother's image o'er them flits :
Like hers their eyes a moment beam ;
The voice grows soft ; the brow unknits.

Such, Mary, are the realms once thine,
That know no more thy golden reign.
Hold forth from heaven thy Babe divine !
O make thine orphans thine again !



Rev. H. A. Rawes.



CHRISTMAS.

THE Christmas light is shining,
And its rain of glory falls,
In a shower of golden splendours,
Upon the stable walls ;
Upon those walls that just before
Were dark and cold and bare :
But now the mother and her Child
Are wrapp'd in glory there.

The oxen in their stalls are still,
 Whilst angels gather round,
As Mary with her new-born Child
 Is seated on the ground.
And a light of heavenly brightness
 Is shining in her eyes,
As Jesus smiles upon her
 From her arms, in which He lies.

O blessed mother, in thy love
 All peerless and all fair !
The light is shining round thee,
 In that stable cold and bare :
But though thou art the Queen of Heaven,
 The manger is the throne
Of Him, who is the mighty Lord,
 And yet thy Babe, thine own.

O mother, what a joy thou art !
 For thou art full of grace,
As thou claspest Jesus in thine arms
 And smilest in His face ;
As thou smilest in His little face,
 And as He smiles in thine,
The splendours of the heavenly court
 Around thee flash and shine ;
And angel-bands before thee kneel,
 Thee for their empress own,
Because Eternal God hath made
 Thy sinless arms His throne.

The Christmas light is shining,
Though eighteen centuries
Have fled, since that first joyful night
That saw thee on thy knees
Beside the little manger-bed,
Wherein thy Jesus lay,
As the cattle gather'd round Him,
And the oxen eating hay.

I cannot tell thee half the joy
With which our eyes grow dim,
When we kneel beside the manger,
And thou bringest us to Him,
Who is thy loving spouse, and ours,
Our life, our changeless joy,
Thine own dear sweetest Jesus,
Thy wondrous, beauteous boy.

The Christmas light is shining,
As bright as ever now,
And the cradle is as glorious,
And the light on Mary's brow.
And lo! before the awful throne
The prostrate crowds adore,
As they kneel in joyful gratitude
Upon the Temple's floor:
They kneel with joy at Mary's throne,
To worship Jesus there,
And swiftly rises up to Him
The voice of heart-felt prayer.

And voice on voice is thrilling,
Till the mighty chaunt ascends,
And with the strains from angels' harps
In sweetest concert blends.
And hearts o'erflow'd with happiness
Are faint with loving joy,
Which earth can never give to them,
And time cannot destroy.

O mother, keep us at thy side,
Lest we should fall away,
And reach not thee and Jesus,
In the cloudless, sunlit day.
Be with us in this stormy sea,
And bring us to the shore,
Where Jesus in His loveliness
Is seen for evermore.
Where life has no more sorrow,
And where death can never come,
The resting-place for wearied hearts,
The pilgrim's happy home ;
Where brides of Christ for ever dwell
In blessed Christmas light,
And the bridal never ceases,
And the day is ever bright.

Mrs. Sadlier.

TO THE MEMORY OF BISHOP MAGINN.

A STAR hath vanish'd from our nether sphere,
 A glory from our darksome earth is fled ;
 Our grief is half astonishment—half awe,
 And all the mourning soul is fill'd with dread.
 Oh, strange it seems that such as he should *die*—
 Die to that world whose darkness he illumined—
 Die with his glorious genius *half* reveal'd !
 Oh earth !—oh man !—how darkly are ye doom'd !

Weep, Erin ! weep. One other blow is struck ;
 A link is added to thy chain of woe.
 A wreath of gloomiest cypress swift entwine
 For him, thy patriot-prelate, now laid low.
 For thee he stepp'd from forth seclusion's shade,
 And rear'd his towering mind in thy defence,
 Till even thy foul maligners back recoil'd :
 Weep for the trusty champion taken hence.

And thou, our holiest Mother, Church of God !
 Deplore the stately column rent away !
 Mourn genius, learning, piety, and zeal—
 Assemblage rare in "tenement of clay."

Thine was the charity that warm'd his heart,
And thine the faith sublime which fill'd his soul.
Meet son of such a mother—he is dead ;
What now can thy maternal heart console !

What though thy circling arm him still enfold,
Where stands his radiant soul before the throne,
'Mid thy triumphant warriors, brightly crown'd—
Yet mournest thou the light from this world gone ;
Thou sorrow'st for thy children thus bereaved—
The bright example from our view removed,
A radiance from this world of sin withdrawn.
So mourns thy mother—oh ! thou most beloved !

For thee, my country ! raise thy sorrowing eyes
To those far regions, where he “ lives and reigns,”
Believe that still he loves and serves thee *there*—
Prays for thy weal, compassionates thy pains.
Though stripp'd of this world's wealth, thou still art rich ;
Rich in the saints thou daily giv'st to heaven ;
Rich in the heritage of thine old faith,
Purely divine, and free from earthly leaven !

From forth thy hills and vales, how many a star
Hath shone upon the darkness of the earth,
Guiding the nations with the light of faith—
A blessing to the land that gave them birth !
Thou art not poor, loved island of our sires ;
Rich in thy children we behold thee stand ;
Hadst thou but borne a Doyle and a Maginn,
The world would deem thee rich, mine honour'd
land !

W. Keenealy.

BISHOP MAGINN.

How we loved him—how we loved him, 'tis in vain
to tell ;
Heaven alone we prized above him, earth not half so
well.
There's deep, deep grief in woman's wail, when fitful
as the sea ;
There's deeper grief in silent thought, on lowly bended
knee ;
But what are all to manhood's tears, fast streaming
from his eyes,
Like torrents from the mountains wild, when wrapp'd
in lowering skies,
And silent thought, and manhood's tears, and wailing
wild and deep,
Have shown how we have loved him—still weep, weep,
weep !

All nature will be smiling on his drear and lonely
tomb,
The brightest sunbeams there will fall, its verdure to
illumine !
The softest dews of heaven will descend upon his
breast !
The waves will roll more peacefully, lest they should
break his rest ;

Their gentle fall upon the strand will be the mourner's
sigh,
The little stars, his watchers lone—his canopy the
sky—
And sure the winds will gently blow—they dare not
wildly sweep,
Above the heart that's cold—oh! weep, weep, weep!

Rev. J. Fitzgerald.

RUINS.

BEHOLD those abbey walls so grey!
Oh! where's yon turret's chime?
Songs of the blessed, where are they,
That swell'd in olden time?
Where are those hallow'd choirs at even,
That matin music—where?
Those hymns that once were sung to heaven,
Now angels sing them there.

The sunlight of departing eve,
The moonbeam glancing through,
The broken arches teach to grieve
For hearts long broken too.
As o'er yon mouldering structure hangs
That wreath the ivy makes,
Thus round the heart shall memory's pangs
Cling dearer while it breaks.

The green tree o'er the altar bends,
The long grass sweeps the wall,
Deeply her sigh the midnight sends
Along the chancel hall.
Of sainted memories calm and bright,
No legend needs to tell;
For story's pen must fail to write
What ruin paints so well.



Rev. Dr. Pise.



MORNING—NOON—EVENING—NIGHT.

MY GOD! yon matin-ray
Which, like a dimple bright,
Glow on Aurora's cheek,
As shrinks the shadowy night,
Tells of those guiltless hours
I pass'd in childhood's bowers,
So innocently gay.

My God! yon flaming sun,
High in his noon-day car,
Drawn by the steeds of heaven,
Flinging their red manes far,
Bids the reflecting soul
Think how the swift hours roll—
How soon life's prime is done.

My God ! yon gem of eve,
Upon the twilight brow
Of Hesper glimmering faint,
Tells all is fading now ;
Shadows are gathering fast :—
Look, mortal, look thy last,
And take thy long, long leave !

Oh ! as the last dim ray,
Still flickers in the skies,
My God ! close not thine ear,
Turn not away thine eyes ;
My prayer, my prayer ascends,
As life's last taper ends—
Spare, as I pass away !

THE BIRD OF PARADISE AND THE CHERUB.

Suggested by the Death of a lovely Infant.

LIST ! list !—the Bird of Paradise
Carols her sweet hymn forth,
And from the blest bowers of the skies
Comes down upon the earth.
He comes to bear a message bright
To a sweet Cherub—the delight
Of those that gave her birth.

He perch'd upon the gentle child
Whilst smiling she reposed,
Bearing upon her features mild
And lovely, as she dozed,

The impress of her mother dear,
Who watched her slumber with a tear,
And her meek eyelids closed.

And to the Cherub thus he sung
The tidings brought from heaven :
“ Come with me, innocent and young,
And thou shalt be, ere even,
In bowers of Peace, and groves of Bliss—
Thou art not made for worlds like this ;
Far better will be given !

‘ Come to the realms of Paradise,
Where angels weave their wreaths
From flowers ambrosial of the skies,
On which Spring ever breathes.
And *such* a Spring !—not like the one
Which now so brightly smiles upon
The meadows and the heaths.

“ Come to the everlasting Spring,
Where flowers undying bloom,
Where we of Paradise will sing,
While fond ones deck thy tomb.
There wilt thou, spotless Cherub, twine
A garland for those friends of thine
Whom Love shall thither bring.”

The Cherub heard the message Bird—
The Bird of Paradise ;
And calmly then, the message heard,
She closed her meek blue eyes,

And in an instant wing'd her flight
To Elysian groves of Love and Light,
Amid the holy skies.



Authoress of "Historical Ballads."



THE PRIEST'S GRAVE AT BALACLAVA.

IN MEMORY OF THE REV. J. J. WHEBLE, ONE OF THE
CRIMEAN CHAPLAINS.

THERE'S a grave by steep Corunna's shore,
Of one who lives in story ;
He was buried there with martial pride,
And "left," with all his "glory."

But the shores of Balaclava hold
A humbler grave, more lowly ;
'Tis of one who sought not glory's meed,
But a lot more meek, more holy.

Yet 'mong the nobles of the land,
Was his place in stately hall,
And wealth was his, and honour'd lot ;
But he heard a loving call.

And wealth, and pride, and honour—all—
He laid at Jesus' feet,
And the bright world left, his Lord to serve
With prayer and labours meet.

His Lord's dear flock he tended well,
The tender lambs he fed ;
The wand'ring sheep, with loving force,
Back to the fold he led.

To pastures green, by waters still,
He show'd the peaceful path,—
But a sterner call he heard, to scenes
Of horror, strife, and death ;

Where day and night death stalk'd around,
In grim and fearful guise,
'Mid the battle's rage, and famine dire,
And plague, with greedy eyes.

As the prophet stern, 'mid fiery plague,
Did the wond'rous image hold,
To heal the death-struck with its sight,
So Jesus' priest hath told

Of a charm more wond'rous, more divine,
And still he points on high,
To the blessed Saviour on the cross,
And there bids sinners fly.

On the battle-field, in dying ear,
He whispers Jesus' name ;
'Mid the camp's rude din, in warning voice,
He utters still the same.

'Mid the plague was still the bravest he,
 Where the pest-struck victim lay ;
 And 'mid weakness, cold, and hunger still,
 On toil'd he, night and day.

Till the plague's cold poison-touch he felt,
 And he knew it was for death ;
 Then he said, "Oh, fain on English land
 "Would I render up my breath.

"Fain would I see my brothers dear,
 And my own loved English home."
 Then they laid him in a home-bound bark,
 When evening shades were come.

But when the morning twilight brake,
 And the ship her sails did spread,
 He felt death's shadows o'er him pass ;—
 "My friends," he meekly said,

"I may not live to see again
 My own dear English shore ;
 Lift me on land to die—for home
 I never may see more.

"Nor he with whom I dwelt in love,
 My heart's own friend so dear ;
 Far from them all I die—but blest,
 For Jesus still is near !"

His dying frame was borne to land,
Through the cold wintry blast,
To couch so rude, 'neath humble tent,
And there he breathed his last.

And when the murky twilight came,
While the cold rain fast down fell,
His grave they dug, and wept the while,
For they loved the good priest well.

And there he sleeps, while round him rage
Strife's din and war's alarms—
His body by the wild sea-shore,
But his soul in Jesus' arms.



Rev. Charles Meehan.



BOYHOOD'S YEARS.

AH ! why should I recall them—the gay, the joyous
years,
Ere hope was cross'd or pleasure dimm'd by sorrow
and by tears ?
Or why should mem'ry love to trace youth's glad and
sunlit way,
When those who made its charms so sweet, are
gather'd to decay.

The summer's sun shall come again, to brighten hill
and bower—

The teeming earth its fragrance bring beneath the
balmy shower ;

But all in vain will mem'ry strive, in vain we shed our
tears—

They're gone away and can't return, the friends of
boyhood's years !

Ah! why then wake my sorrow, and bid me now count
o'er

The vanish'd friends so dearly prized, the days to
come no more—

The happy days of infancy, when no guile our bosoms
knew,

Nor reck'd we of the pleasures that with each moment
flew ?

'Tis all in vain to weep for them—the past a dream
appears ;

And where are they—the loved, the young, the friends
of boyhood's years ?

Go seek them in the cold churchyard—they long have
stol'n to rest ;

But do not weep, for their young cheeks by woe were
ne'er oppress'd :

Life's sun for them in splendour set—no cloud came
o'er the ray

That lit them from this gloomy world upon their
joyous way.

No tears about their graves be shed ; but sweetest
flow'rs be flung—
The fittest offering thou canst make to hearts that
perish young—
To hearts this world has never torn with racking
hopes and fears ;
For bless'd are they who pass away in boyhood's happy
years.

THE FALL OF THE LEAVES.

THEY are falling, they are falling, and soon, alas! they'll
fade,
The flowers of the garden, the leaves of dell and glade ;
Their dirge the winds are singing in the lone and fitful
blast,
And the leaves and flowers of summer are strewn and
fading fast.
Ah! why then have we loved them, when their beauties
might have told
They could not linger long with us, nor stormy skies
behold ?
Fair creatures of the sunshine ; your day of life is past,
Ye are scatter'd by the rude winds, fallen and fading
fast :
And, oh ! how oft enchanted have we watch'd your
opening bloom,
When you made unto the day-god your offerings of
perfume !

How vain are our imaginings that joy will always
last :

'Tis like to you, ye sweet things, all dimm'd and faded
fast.

The glens where late ye bloom'd for us, are leafless now
and lorn ;

The tempest's breath hath all their pride and all their
beauty shorn.

'Twas ever so, and so shall be : by fate that doom was
cast—

The things we love are scarcely seen till they are gone
and past.

Ay, ye are gone and faded, ye leaves and lovely
flowers ;

But when spring comes, you'll come again to deck the
garden's bowers ;

And beauty, too, will cull you, and twine you in her
hair—

What meeter, truer emblem can beauty ever wear ?

But never, here, oh ! never, shall we the loved ones
meet,

Who shone in youth around us, and like you faded
fleet.

Full soon affliction bow'd them, and life's day-dawn
o'ercast :

They're blooming now in heaven, their day of fading's
past !

Ye wither'd leaves and flowers ! oh ! may you long
impart

Monition grave and moral stern unto this erring heart :

Oh ! teach it that the joys of earth are short-lived,
vain, and frail,
And transient as the leaves and flowers before the
wintry gale !

Rev. Dr. Rock.

THE MONTH OF MAY.

OUR sires have said, and we still say,
Of months the loveliest month is May.
Then, all 's so young, so soft, so sweet—
Where'er we roam, we beauty meet.
Each grove 's so green ! and dell and field
Seem glad their varied blooms to yield.
Flow'rs deck each bank, each hidden nook ;
There are warblings in each prattling brook.
Each cloud 's so light that creeps on high,
So listless 'thwart the clear blue sky ;
The merry lark soars blithesome there,
Flooding with song the balmy air.
Then, music and sweet odours dwell
In one same bush it loves so well :
The nightingale that, night and day,
Hid 'neath the blossom'd hawthorn spray,
Pours forth its soothing roundelay ;
And copse and wood with gladness ring,
As throstle and the blackbird sing.

All heav'n, all earth, seem then to show
What once was Eden here below.
With this best month throughout the year 'tis meet
The best 'mid all God's creatures we should greet.
Then let us bring from May's gay bowers
May's fairest garlands—sweetest flow'rs ;
Then let us spend May's length'ning days
In lengthen'd hymns in Mary's praise ;
And let her altars bloom each day
With wreaths fresh-gather'd all through May.
This fairest month in all the year
Thine shall be, Mary ! and our prayer
Shall be like flow'rs.

Charles Caban Duffy.

A LAY SERMON.

BROTHER, do you love your brother ?
Brother, are you all you seem ?
Do you live for more than living ?
Has your life a law and scheme ?
Are you prompt to bear its duties,
As a brave man may beseem ?

Brother, shun the mist exhaling
From the fen of pride and doubt ;
Neither seek the house of bondage
Walling straiten'd souls about ;
Bats ! who from their narrow spy-hole,
Cannot see a world without.

Anchor in no stagnant shallow ;
Trust the wide and wondrous sea,
Where the tides are fresh for ever,
And the mighty currents free ;
There, perchance, O young Columbus,
Your New World of truth may be.

Favour will not make deserving ;
(Can the sunshine brighten clay ?)
Slowly must it grow to blossom,
Fed by labour and delay,
And the fairest bud of promise
Bears the taint of quick decay.

You must strive for better guerdons ;
Strive to be the thing you'd seem ;
Be the thing that God hath made you,
Channel for no borrow'd stream :
He hath lent you mind and conscience ;
See you travel in their beam !

See you scale life's misty highlands
By this light of living truth ;
And with bosom braced for labour,
Breast them in your manly youth ;
So when age and care have found you,
Shall your downward path be smooth.

Fear not, on that rugged highway,
Life may want its lawful zest ;
Sunny glens are in the mountain,
Where the weary feet may rest,
Cool'd in streams that gush for ever
From a loving mother's breast.

"Simple heart and simple pleasures,"
So they write life's golden rule ;
Honour won by supple baseness,
State that crowns a canker'd fool,
Gleam as gleam the gold and purple
On a hot and rancid pool.

Wear no show of wit or science,
But the gems you've won and weigh'd ;
Thefts, like ivy on a ruin,
Make the rifts they seem to shade :
Are you not a thief and beggar
In the rarest spoils array'd ?

Shadows deck a sunny landscape,
Making brighter all the bright :
So, my brother ! care and danger
On a loving nature light,
Bringing all its latent beauties
Out upon the common sight.

Love the things that God created,
Make your brother's need your care :
Scorn and hate repel God's blessings,
But where love is, *they* are there ;
As the moonbeams light the waters,
Leaving rock and sandbank bare.

Thus, my brother, grow and flourish,
Fearing none, and loving all ;
For the true man needs no patron,
He shall climb, and never crawl ;
Two things fashion their own channel—
The strong man and the waterfall.

Dr. Madden.

THE MARTYR BISHOP.

The tramp of the trooper is heard at Macroon ;*
 The soldiers of Cromwell are spared from Clonmel ;†
 And Broghill, the merciless Broghill, is come
 On a mission of murder which pleases him well.

The wailing of women, the wild *ululu*,
 Dread tidings from cabin to cabin convey ;
 But loud though the plaints and the shrieks which
 ensue,
 The war-cry is louder of men in array.

In the park of Macroon there is gleaming of steel,
 And glancing of lightning in looks on that field,
 And swelling of bosoms with patriot zeal,
 And clenching of hands on the weapons they wield.

MacEgan !‡ a prelate like Ambrose of old,
 Forsakes not his flock when the spoiler is near :
 The post of the pastor's in front of the fold,
 When the wolf's on the plain and there's rapine to
 fear.

* Magh Cromha.

† Cluain Meala.

‡ Mac Aodhagain in proper spelling.

The danger is come, and the fortune of war
Inclines to the side of oppression once more :
The people are brave—but they fall, and the star
Of their destiny sets in the darkness of yore.

MacEgan survives in the Philistine hands
Of the lords of the pale, and his death is decreed ;
But the sentence is stay'd by Lord Broghill's commands,
And the prisoner is dragg'd to his presence with
speed.

"To Carraig-an-Droichid* this instant," he cried ;
"Prevail on your people in garrison there
To yield, and at once in our mercy confide,
And your life I will pledge you my honour to spare."

"*Your mercy ! Your honour !*" the prelate replied ;
"I well know the worth of—my duty I know ;
Lead on to the castle, and there by your side,
With the blessing of God, what is meet will I do."

The orders are given ; the prisoner is led
To the castle, and round him are menacing hordes ;
Undaunted, approaching the walls at the head
Of the troopers of Cromwell, he utters these
words :—

* Commonly written Carrigadrohid (the Rock of the Bridge), three miles east of Macroom, co. Cork. The castle is built on a steep rock in the river Lee by the M'Cartys.

“Beware of the cockatrice—trust not the wiles
Of the serpent, for perfidy skulks in its folds !
Beware of Lord Broghill ; the day that he smiles
His mercy is murder !—his word never holds.

“Remember ’tis writ in our annals of blood,
Our countrymen never relied on the faith
Of truce, or of treaty, but treason ensued,
And the issue of every delusion was death !”

Thus nobly the patriot prelate sustain’d
The ancient renown of his chivalrous race,
And the last of old Eoghan’s descendants obtain’d
For the name of Ui-mani new lustre and grace.

He died on the scaffold, in front of those walls
Where the blackness of ruin is seen from afar ;
And the gloom of its desolate aspect recalls
The blackest of Broghill’s achievements in war !



Anonymous.

HOPE ON.

HOPE on ! hope on ! God yet may hear thy praying ;
 God yet may mark the wild tears thou hast shed ;
 There may be mercy in the long delaying—
 A richer, holier blessing for its staying,
 Pour'd on thy head.

Hope on.

Hope on ! and through the dreary night of weeping,
 Think thou art watching with thy suff'ring God,
 And through the long dark hours sad vigil keeping—
 Thy mourning soul, its sin and misery steeping,
 With Him, in tears of blood.

Hope on.

Hope on ! and think the cup which thou art drinking,
 The bitter chalice of His agony ;
 Nor deem He loves thee less for all thy shrinking,
 Like thine, *His* heart 'neath grief and pain is sinking,
 He suffers all with thee.

Hope on.

Hope on ! and when thy grief and fear are deep'ning,
 And all of joy for ever seemeth gone,
 Then with thy agonizing Saviour weeping,
 Yet still the words of meek submission speaking,
 "Father ! Thy will be done."

Hope on.

Hope on ! 'tis in the hour of deepest mourning,
God sends his strength'ning angel from above ;
The weary heart, from earthly comfort turning,
Shall know, in answer to its passionate yearning,
His tenderest love.
Hope on.

Hope on ! 'tis but His best-beloved and dearest
He taketh thus to share his saddest hour ;
They who His loving heart lie ever nearest,
And they for whom the hope of heaven is clearest,
Feel most grief's power.
Hope on.

Hope on ! and if all hope on earth should fail thee,
And if all peace from thy sad heart be riven,—
If every grief life knoweth should assail thee,
Sit thou not weakly down, and there bewail thee :
There's joy in heaven !
Hope on !

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ANGELS.

WHERE the light streams on the abbey floor,
Through the tall windows, through the low door ;
Into the abbot's room, down the broad stair,
Pure in its wanderings—Angels are there !

Where the white tapers dream in the day,
Timidly beaming each tremulous ray,
Milder than noonday staining the air,
Meek in their mellowness—Angels are there !

Where in the beauteous nook, loved and alone,
Stands the bright Virgin's shrine, purity's own !
Children decking it ope-lipp'd with prayer,
Pallid with earnestness—Angels are there !

Where on the altar high, sacred and bright,
Stand the tall chalices, clothèd with light ;
When the blest "Sanctus" rings thro' the still air,
Wreathing their myriad wings, Angels are there !

Angels crowd joyously, hailing the Lamb,
Into Jerusalem, burthen'd with palm !
"Sanctus," they fondly sing, bright'ning the air ;
Round heaven's glorious King—Angels are there !

THE END.

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